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THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

The People's Rights—A Representative Democracy—The Union and the Constitution Without Any Infractions.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1910.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

Woodstock, Vermont.
Printed Saturday Morning.
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

WOODSTOCK NEWS

Arrivals at the Inn.

Miss S. Ripley, Miss S. Phipps, Mrs. A. G. Wyman, Brookline; Mrs. D. E. Marsh, Bridgeport; Mrs. H. G. Howland; Mrs. A. M. Dury, Boston; Rev. W. C. Hubbard, Brooklyn; Miss E. Seager, Paterson; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Barrows, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Roberts, Miss Roberts, Hartford; Miss J. Carmody, Miss E. Emerson, Haverhill; Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tucker, Master C. Tucker, New Bedford; Miss F. Goodwin, Roxbury.

BRIDGEWATER.

Deferred

C. R. Southgate, wife and son returned to White River Junction Monday after having spent two weeks with C. M. Southgate and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Capron went Wednesday to Middlebury to visit their daughter, Mrs. M. B. Ackley.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy A. Barrows went Wednesday to Lynn, Mass. after having visited their parents here for two weeks. They were accompanied by Miss Beulah Davis, who has been spending a month with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Davis.

Mrs. J. J. Woods has been ill for about a week, and Mrs. R. D. Curtis is assisting in caring for her.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Capron are in White River Junction for a week.

Mrs. Lewis Spaulding and son, with Mrs. E. A. Davis, came from Windsor, last Saturday. Mrs. Spaulding expects to remain here a few weeks.

NORWICH.

Last Friday a party of eight boys with Dan Huntley as overseer, went to Lake Fairlee, where they camped for a week. The boys were Frank and Earl McLeod, Leroy Douglass, Melvin Douglass, Warren Ballam, Thos. Bushway and Chas. Thomas.

Victor Busway and children spent last Sunday in Pomfret.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lacore have a son, born August 7.

Herman Wendlar of Mexico is a guest at E. G. Lord's.

Miss Lucia Coleman of Springfield, Mass., is the guest of Mrs. T. A. Hazen and her brother, Z. M. Coleman.

Walter Davis of the firm of Hanks & Davis, druggists, Concord, N. H., is spending his week's vacation with his mother, Mrs. M. J. Davis.

Curtis Parkhurst was one of the boys' camp at Fairlee a part of this week.

Miss Nellie Healy returned to Newark, N. J. after several weeks' visit to her sisters here.

Mary Rogers and her grandmother, Mrs. George Rood, have returned from a week spent at South Royalton.

NORTH HARTLAND

Grace Oldfield is ill and under the care of Dr. Barrows.

Guy Headle and his sister Carrie of Rutland, nephew and niece of Milo Headle, are at W. D. Spaulding's, after spending a two weeks' outing.

Florence and Kathryn Boynton of Claremont, N. H., nieces of Mrs. W. D. Spaulding's, after spending a week with her returned to their home Friday.

Walter Moncton of Newport, N. H., made a flying visit to friends in town Saturday evening.

J. H. Dunbar attended the Pomona Grange at West Woodstock Saturday.

A large number from this place patronized the circus at the Junction and all unite in saying it was the best circus seen in the place in a long time.

Teachers are wanted for the North Hartland grammar school and the

Grant school. Apply to E. W. Haley, North Hartland.

Miss Annie Moncton has recovered from her recent illness and is able to do her household work.

Miss Alice Willard has resigned as teacher of the North Hartland grammar school.

Mrs. Stock of Springfield, Mass. and son George, who is a teacher of physical culture in Montgomery, Ala., are making a short visit at B. F. Whitaker's.

Sidney Stevens and wife of Springfield, Mass., are here for a visit of two weeks.

H. D. Dunbar of North Hartland has had the N. E. telephone installed in his house.

Windsor County Fair Notes

Several of the leading poultry breeders have expressed their approval of the rule adopted by the fair at the last annual meeting requires advance entries in this department, same as other stock. It is possible to make the show much more attractive to the fair patrons, as well as advance the interests of exhibitors.

In this connection it may be well to speak of the rule which requires all pet stock to be caged or cooped in neat, roomy and humane cages, as well as to have convenient arrangements for the care and feeding, otherwise the superintendent is instructed to refuse the entries.

The \$250 and \$300 purses offered for speed ought to bring out some of the best of the trotters and pacers. Superintendent Hoit says, "bring on your hogs to the fair. We have plenty of good room and they will be well cared for." Also he repeats the old saying, "there's money in hogs."

Butter, Cheese, and Maple Products ought to be in liberal evidence at the fair of Sept. 13-14-15. Quite respectable premiums are offered and all are among the leading products of the county. They should have a prominent place in the show.

Nowhere in the world is better butter or maple syrup made than in Windsor county. It ought to be a matter of pride that a good exhibit is made of both, as well as the chance to advertise the goods, and makers of either or both have a duty to perform in this connection.

Fair prospects are more than good. For years there has not seemingly been so much advance interest taken in its success, and with this feeling prevalent all should unite. If exhibitors will do their duty and the weather bureau does likewise success is assured.

Pacific Salmon in Lake Sunapee

United States Fish Commissioner George M. Bowers states that Chinook salmon, the famous Pacific coast salmon, which spends more than two-thirds of its life in salt water, has been planted and is thriving in Lake Sunapee, one of New Hampshire's well known fresh water lakes.

A few days ago Mr. Bowers received a fine six-pound specimen of Chinook salmon taken from Lake Sunapee. Several others have been caught in the lake this summer. They have risen to an artificial fly and have given anglers a fine tussle.

Mr. Bowers sampled the specimen which was sent to him and declared it to be the finest table fish he had had in many a day.

The bureau is satisfied from evidence already at hand that the Chinook salmon will thrive in many of the mountain lakes of New England and New York state, but the question is: Will they propagate? Will they mature and perpetuate themselves without the salt water life?

The Chinook salmon when in its natural habitat heads down stream for the sea almost as soon as it is able to travel and does not enter fresh water again until it is three or four years old—until it has matured and in the case of the female is ready to deposit the eggs. Both the female and male as soon as the eggs have been deposited and fertilized, die.

The Chinook salmon in Lake Sunapee were planted by the United States Fish Commission about three

years ago, and it is expected that the fish are now nearly ready to spawn if the experiment has been successful in this respect. The specimen which was sent to the Bureau of Fisheries appeared to be maturing properly, and Commissioner Bowers and other experts of the commission believe that the Chinook salmon in Lake Sunapee will deposit their eggs and that the eggs under favorable conditions will hatch.

They are supported in this belief by a record of captive Chinook salmon having spawned in a fresh water aquarium in Paris.

The Chinook salmon, also known as the quinnat, Columbia river and king salmon, is the largest and most important of the five species of Pacific salmon. It varies greatly in size when taken on the spawning runs, some specimens weighing as much as 45 pounds. The average weight of fish taken from the Sacramento river is 16 pounds and from the Columbia river 22 pounds.

Lake Sunapee was selected for the Fish Commission's experiment with Chinook salmon because of unusually favorable conditions offered by it. The temperature of the lake is low, the minimum at the bottom being 38 degrees. Eight species of salmonidae already inhabited the lake. These included brook trout, landlocked salmon, the Lock-leven trout, the rainbow and brown trout and the blueback Rangeley lake trout.

Excitement in the White Mountains

The White mountain resorts are now the proper setting for the snow-white flannels and the evening coat rather than for the traditional camping costume, for the sporting days of the woods and hills were supposed to have passed long ago. But it is always the unexpected that is happening, there as well as everywhere else, and last week a real live bear and two cubs were seen in the road leading up Mt. Washington. Later reports said that another bear was seen in the Franconia road and the people who have been accustomed to do a little gentle mountain climbing have been staying rather close to the hotel piazzas. No one up that way has yet lost a bear.

Followed Dr. Cook's Trail

The Mt. McKinley expedition headed by C. E. Rusk, of Chelan, Wash., which sailed from Seattle on the revenue cutter Tahoma April 24, and which followed Dr. Cook's route up the Susitna and Chulitna river, failed to reach the summit of Mt. McKinley and is now on the way back to Seward.

The climbers ascended the peak alleged by Cook to be the summit but it is ten miles from the topmost point of the mountain, they said. The Rusk party was unable to see the flag which the Thomas Lloyd party is alleged to have planted on the summit last April, and the members are disinclined to believe the story told by the Fairbanks expedition.

The party headed by Prof. Herschel Parker of New York and Belmont Brown of Tacoma, is still endeavoring to ascend the mountain.

The Biggest Cruiser

The armored cruiser, Lion, the largest, fastest, and most powerful cruiser in the world, has been launched at the dockyard at Davenport, England. The keel of the giant cruiser was laid November 29.

Though the usual secrecy in regard to design was at first maintained it is now known that the cruiser will carry eight guns of 13.12 inch calibre, throwing projectiles weighing 1,250 pounds. They will be mounted in four barbettes, all on the center line of the cruiser. She will have a displacement of 26,350 tons and will be driven by turbine engines of 70,000 horse power, giving her an expected speed of twenty-eight knots.

Her superiority over her predecessors in the cruising battleship class is shown by the comparison of her 70,000 horse power with the earlier maximum of 45,000.

Special offer on page four

Burglars in Stockbridge Store

The general merchandise store of Galen B. Fish at Stockbridge was burglarized Friday night, Aug. 5, probably by yeggmen, who secured \$50 in money, some watches, and other merchandise. An attempt was made to blow open the safe, which was unsuccessful. There is no clue to the parties.

Says He Has Solved Perpetual Motion

Carl Grossman, consular agent at Proctor for the Austro-Hungarian empire, has evolved a piece of mechanism that he confidently claims solves the problem of perpetual motion. The apparatus is so simple Grossman says, that he wonders why nobody thought of the same principle long ago.

Water is what makes the Grossman machine go and, therefore, he has dubbed the apparatus an aqua-automotor. Grossman declares that his machine is started by the opening of a valve which causes water by gravity to set the apparatus going, and the water is used over and over again. The machine will then continue to move indefinitely without assistance from any other source, he says, and will only stop running when the valve is closed.

Vermont Included

The Canada Gazette contains this order: "All nursery stock originating in Japan or in any one of the states of Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, six of the United States of America, shall after fumigation be subject to inspection, as provided by section 6 of these regulations."

This is an amendment to what is known as the destructive insect and pest act.

The Speed of the Aeroplane

Claude Grahame White, the English aviator, says that within six months aeroplanes will be flying at the rate of 100 miles an hour. He says further: "Friends of mine who are experts upon the scientific aspects of airmanship predict that eventually speeds of 200 and even 300 miles an hour will be possible. At this one's imagination is apt to reel. But this much is certain; if the flying machine is to become of real importance, and not remain always a sporting toy, it will need to be speedier than any method of transit on land. For rapid transit generally; for fast milk traffic; for express passenger services; for naval and military reconnoitring work; as instruments of destruction, although this phase may be far distant, these are some of the possibilities of the aeroplane. What we now want is a machine which will fly reliably in any wind short of a gale."

Preliminary Surveys

The Boston & Maine engineering party, nine men in all, who are making the preliminary surveys for the location of a line between Windsor and White River Junction, have thus far surveyed three lines as follows:—Windsor to White River via the river bank of the Connecticut; a detour around Blow-me-down pond; also a detour to Plainfield to determine an inland course.

SUMMER AND FALL

Top-Dressing and Seeding Down
Many farmers are finding it to their advantage to seed down during the summer and fall, claiming that by so doing they are apt to get a much better "catch" than they do when they follow the usual practice and seed down in the spring.

The same is true regarding top-dressing grass land. Some of the most progressive farmers put on top-dressing immediately after haying, with perhaps a small application of nitrate of soda the following spring. If you will send your name and P. O. address to Carroll S. Page, Hyde Park, Vt., he will send you free, postpaid, several formulas for mixing fertilizers especially adapted to top-dressing, and fall seeding, together with prices of ingredients, full directions for mixing, etc. These formulas have been improved by the Vermont Experimental Station and will be found thoroughly reliable.

Subscribe for The Age. \$1.00

THE CITY FARMER.

His Theories Were All Right, but He Flunked on Practice.

"Farming on paper looks pretty easy," observed the fat person with the red tie, "but when it comes to digging a living out of the soil that's an entirely different matter. I've tried it. I know. Had the farming craze all my life, you know, and wouldn't be satisfied until I put my theories to a practical test. For many years I had managed a big farm from a comfortable room in a city flat—that is, I had it all down in black and white just how to run that quarter section which some day I intended to own. Why, I could raise more hogs from that easy chair of mine in the city than I knew what to do with, and it really seemed a shame to take the money."

"But when I finally shook the city dust from my shoes and settled on my piece of land out in Kansas things began to assume a different color. Most of my rural neighbors had their soiled assortment of pigs all right, but none of them—my neighbors—seemed to be rolling in wealth at that. You see, I hadn't counted on the ups and downs of the market, and I hadn't figured on epidemics of hog cholera either. Pigs are a delicate sort of critters, although you can't tell it by looking at them."

"Another fact I learned: I was green—very green—and seemed to have a cheerful knack of doing everything wrong just when somebody was looking. There was one old coddler in particular who made me nervous. His name was Brown, and he constantly hovered about my premises, regarding my doings with mingled awe and disapproval. He had plenty of work on his own farm, but he firmly insisted on stepping over several times a day to keep me from making mistakes. But when crop time came my counselor simply had to tear himself away. I had purchased a sort of combination plow and corn planter, and old Brown gave me an unwritten volume of instructions before he left. I was a full fledged farmer at last. My sakes, but that plow did fine work! And every now and then I would stop and give the blade a professional scouring with a wooden paddle and then take a long look at the furrows, which seemed to reach miles in the distance. I was absurdly proud of those furrows and felt real tickled when I saw old Brown stumbling over the clods to meet me."

"Pretty decent furrows for a city fellow," he cautiously admitted. And then he asked how she was scouring—meaning the plow, you know. Next he squatted to the ground and thrust his hand into the furrow as if searching for something, and I looked on in superior silence. The old chap couldn't find what he wanted in the first row, so he moved to the next two in succession and went through the same process. I was mystified. Suddenly he stood up and crumbled the fresh earth from his hands. "Sonny," he drawled, with a dry smile, "you're a coddler. Here you've been plowin' all mornin' for nothin'."

"Where's your corn?"
"The awful truth dawned on me. I had neglected to fill my seed box."—Kansas City Star.

The Stems of the Prickly Pear.

In most plants, to put it simply, the leaves are the mouths and stomachs of the organism. Their thin and flattened blades are spread out horizontally in a wide expanse, covered with tiny throats and lips which suck in carbonic acid from the surrounding air and disintegrate it in their own cells under the influence of sunlight. In the prickly pears, on the contrary, it is the flattened stem and branches which undertake this essential operation in the life of the plant—the sucking in of carbon and giving out of oxygen, which are to the vegetable exactly what the eating and digesting of food are to the animal organism. In their old age, however, the stems of the prickly pear display their true character by becoming woody in texture and losing their articulated, leaflike appearance.

Deceptive.

The trained ostrich disconcerted its exhibitor at a London music hall by continually endeavoring to break away from all restraint and to climb over the footlights into the orchestra. The widely advertised act came to a sudden end, and the professor emerged from behind the curtain and apologized for the actions of his pet in about these words: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry to disappoint you this evening. We are compelled to cease our hengeage until the management hengeage a new orchestra leader. The one at present employed 'ere 'as no 'air on top of 'is 'ead, and my bird takes it for a 'egg'."

The Explicit That Counted.

Two Staten Island youngsters came home sopping wet.

"We jumped in after a lady," they said.

Then one of the pair showed his mother a five dollar bill that the woman had given him.

"She gimme that," said he, "because I saved her pocketbook."

"And didn't she give you anything?" said their mother to the other boy. "I thought you helped."

"I did," said he, "but I didn't save anything but the lady."—New York Press.

A CLEVER RUSE.

The Proposal Seemed Innocent, but It Yielded Results.

Some years ago a wealthy merchant in Paris who did an extensive business with Japan was informed that a prominent firm in Yokohama had failed, but the name of the firm he could not learn, though he was most anxious to ascertain whether it was the one with which he did most business in that city.

He could have learned the truth by cabling, but instead he went to the man, a well known banker, who had received the news, and requested him to reveal the name of the firm to him.

"That's a very delicate thing to do," replied the banker, "for the news is not official, and if I gave you the name I might incur some responsibility."

The merchant argued, but in vain, and finally he made a proposition. "I will give you," he said, "a list of ten firms in Yokohama, and I will ask you to look through it and then to tell me without mentioning any name whether or not the name of the firm which has failed appears in it. Surely you will do that for me?"

"Yes," said the banker, "for if I do not mention any name I cannot be held responsible in any way."

The list was made. The banker looked through it and as he handed it back to the merchant said, "The name of the firm which has failed is there."

"Then I've lost heavily," replied the merchant, "for that is the firm with which I did business," showing him a name on the list.

"But how do you know that is the firm which has failed?" asked the banker in surprise.

"Very easily," replied the merchant. "Of the ten names on the list only one is genuine—that of the firm with which I did business. All the others are fictitious."

Spider Republics.

The spider has usually been regarded as a type of the solitary among animals, each individual preferring to live alone. But naturalists have discovered exceptions to this rule, and among the most remarkable are three species of spiders in Venezuela. The most interesting of these, the Uloborus repulchellus, seems to be truly republican in its instincts, several hundreds of individuals dwelling together in huge webs made up of smaller webs linked together by strong threads and fastened among the branches of trees. On these webs the spiders can be seen moving freely about, meeting and exchanging greetings with their antennae like so many ants. In the center of the main web is a space where the eggs of the entire republic are laid and where at the proper season the female spiders can be seen assembled, each guarding her own.—Harper's Weekly.

Racing in Queen Anne's Time.

Racing is a very different affair from what it was when Queen Anne, most sporting of English queens, instituted Ascot races and ran her famous horses, Mustard, Pepper and Star. Horses intended for racing were always kept tightly girt, with the idea that it rendered them more swift, and, as for feeding, the old time trainer believed in giving them a liberal amount of soaked bread, supplemented a day or two before the race with fresh eggs. And the jockeys instead of sporting light silk jackets were incased in full suits of the stiffest taffeta, while, as if the applause of the crowd were not considered sufficient, drums and trumpets greeted the winner.—London Chronicle.

Lives of Animals.

Animals vary greatly in the length of their lives. Elephants, eagles and parrots may celebrate their hundredth birthday, but our domestic beasts are thought to be aged when they have reached a quarter of a hundred. A horse is old at twenty, a donkey at twenty-five and a cat or dog at fifteen. The span of existence allotted to insects is shorter still, the fly and the butterfly commonly enjoying but one summer of vigorous life and then being taken off by the cold if they are not previously snapped up by a bird.

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A Reprint of the Proceedings of the First Meeting of the Vermont Historical Society. In press.

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WOODSTOCK VERMONT